Our Gimmick Society—*Seymour Fiddle*

THE *Nation*

*July 26, 1952*

# New Threat to the Democrats

## *Eisenhower Challenges the Solid South*

BY ALEXANDER HEARD

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# High-Frequency Palpitations

## *A Diagnosis of the TV Industry*

BY GILBERT MILLSTEIN

JUL 28 1952
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# AROUND THE U. S. A.

## Oklahoma Odyssey

*Oklahoma City*

EVER since the agricultural depression which gripped the Southwest twenty years ago and the end of the oil boom in the early thirties Oklahoma has been trying desperately to entice Eastern industry into the state as a solution for its economic ills. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Sylvania Electric Products, manufacturers of radio and TV equipment, announced two years ago that it planned to build a million-dollar plant in the Southwest, competition among communities where it might locate became intense. After months of semi-secret negotiations with business leaders in the region, the company picked Shawnee, forty miles from Oklahoma City. The 25,000 inhabitants of Shawnee had managed to scrape together $206,000 to help finance the enterprise, and although the money was returned, a company spokesman said the offer had convinced the owners of the town's genuine desire to have the plant.

But if Sylvania was whole-heartedly welcomed by Shawnee when it started operations in January, 1951, the picture had radically altered six months later. Business interests were still rooting for Sylvania, but organized labor felt differently.

Sylvania paid its employees 80 cents an hour, 48 cents less than the minimum paid for similar work in Eastern plants. The low rate was shrouded in a complicated wage system under which employees were given one per cent more for work done over a set amount. This practically amounted to a speed-up. Women workers protested that the pace was impossible to maintain and that their efforts left them nervously exhausted.

This was the situation when in August, 1951, the Shawnee Sylvania workers by a three-to-one vote chose the International Union of Electrical Workers, C. I. O., as their bargaining agent. Negotiations with management began almost immediately. The wage issue was settled quickly—management agreed to an increase of 22 cents an hour—but demands for a union shop, check-off, seniority rights, eight holidays a year, and adequate machinery to handle job grievances were refused. The union pointed out in vain that Sylvania had granted similar demands to I. U. E. locals in seven of its Eastern shops.

Fed up with management's uncompromising attitude, the union voted 373 to 0 in January to give its bargaining committee the power to call a strike. On March 14, when negotiations collapsed, between 350 and 400 employees walked out. Fewer than forty employees stayed with their machines, and four days later the plant shut down.

SHAWNEE'S commercial interests were 100 per cent with the company. The day after a fist fight took place near the plant a group of business men issued an unsigned manifesto demanding that law and order be upheld and the right to work secured. An anonymous business man put up $50 for the best back-to-work slogan and had it displayed on banners on cars which weaved through the business district. The Shawnee *News-Star,* the town's only daily, stirred up sentiment against the union, circulating the rumor that if Sylvania could not get its own way, it would move to a town where labor was more tractable. The trouble, the paper charged, was caused by "foreign agitators" who had poured into the community.

The funds behind a strike-breaking movement headed by a Mrs. Katie Quinn, a Sylvania employee, remained a mystery, but they were generous enough to pay for long anti-labor radio broadcasts by Mrs. Quinn in which she tried to persuade her fellow-workers to sign a petition to decertify the I. U. E. and return to work. Early one morning Mrs. Quinn with twenty-two supporters managed to break through a token picket line around the plant. When they emerged at five in the afternoon, they found fifty women pickets, twenty special deputies, ten policemen, and five state troopers who had been sent to the plant by Governor Johnston Murray waiting outside. A hair-pulling, clothes-ripping mêlée ensued. Mrs. Quinn and six pickets were arrested for disturbing the peace. A policeman testified later that Mrs. Quinn had not struck anyone, and the charges against her were dropped. A group of pickets, however, lodged an assault and battery complaint against her.

A few hours after her release Mrs. Quinn announced on her regular nightly broadcast that her back-to-work offensive would begin in earnest in two days' time and invited all her fellow-workers to accompany her back to the plant. A riotous outbreak was expected. Anti-union elements hoped that the violence would discredit the union and break the strike. But the unexpected happened. Mrs. Quinn appeared with only 31 supporters instead of the predicted 162, and as they entered the plant 100 pickets swarmed in also. A Sylvania representative, in explaining why Mrs. Quinn had been allowed to spend the day in the plant on her first foray, had incautiously admitted that the building was closed to no one. Both sides occupied the lunchroom for several hours, until the plant manager appeared and announced the end of his open-door policy. Mrs. Quinn and her retinue then departed, as did the pickets.

HIGH officers of the I. U. E. met Sylvania representatives in Washington at the end of May. By June 7 they had reached a settlement which was later approved unanimously by some 300 union members in Shawnee. The contract includes an average wage increase of 15 to 16 cents an hour, seven holidays a year, grievance procedure satisfactory to the union, a company-wide seniority provision, and the check-off. A union shop was not granted, but the union did get membership maintenance, which, ironically, allows the most virulent opponents of the I. U. E. to share the benefits obtained from management over their protests. The contract will run for two years and has a wage-reopener provision.

The remarkable thing about the Shawnee victory is that it was won against the active opposition of the town's business men and that the local's membership was largely women. As Hal Hartnett, national I. U. E. secretary treasurer, put it: "Their victory is a credit to the pioneer spirit of Oklahoma and to the workers' determination not to be treated as second-class citizens."

DAVID MILO

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# The Shape of Things

## E. C. O. S. O. C. Sessions

Despite unavoidable East-West skirmishes, the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations closed its fourteenth annual session this week with much excellent work to its credit. After many meetings devoted to the international economic situation, during which a mounting desire for increased East-West trade was made evident, the E. C. O. S. O. C. delegates reviewed the work of specialized U. N. agencies on health, labor, and education before turning to the final item on their agenda: a report on world social problems. As finally adopted, the report is a courageous and uncompromising document "bearing the colors of poverty, destitution, and unhappiness," to use the words of Ernest Michanek, Swedish delegate.

A *leitmotif* of the debates was the repeated warnings of delegates from Asia that their peoples, no longer resigned to poverty, are increasingly actuated by a conscious demand for a better life which, they are convinced, lies within their reach.

The E. C. O. S. O. C. is evidence of how profoundly wrong it is to think of the United Nations solely in terms of conflict and frustration. The golden era of world government is still far away, and no one conscious of the grave months which lie immediately ahead can afford to hold in contempt the only international organization, operating under a noble and human charter, which still provides a forum for the spokesmen of nearly all the globe.

## Experiment in Immortality

A 175-year-old American laboratory experiment in the "withering away of the state" has been giving forth strange fumes lately. When Dillon S. Myer became Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the spring of 1950 and announced his intention of "winding up the Indian Bureau," most students of Indian affairs were too polite to remark that similar announcements in 1834, 1887, and 1917 had been followed by vast enlargements of the powers of bureau officials. This time "winding up the Indian Bureau" has meant in practice increased control over Indians' employment of attorneys, new restrictions upon trips to Washington by Indians with grievances, curtailment of the right of individual Indians to use or lease their own lands, and denial of the rights of Indian communities to spend their own funds or even to hold free elections. California and Arizona Indians are protesting vigorously, asserting that the bureau has repudiated promises of freedom made during the Roosevelt-Ickes-Collier era and embodied in solemn charters.

Observers of intra-departmental quarrels are not inclined to blame Oscar Chapman too severely for the current trend in Indian administration, for they know how easy it is for a power-hungry bureau to increase its own authority. But old students of the Washington scene are amazed at the gullibility of professional cynics like Senators McFarland and Watkins, who have praised the Indian Bureau's latest "liquidation" plans as assurances of Indian freedom. If present policies continue, it is only a question of time before the cold war now smoldering on our Indian frontier bursts into some sort of flame. The blaze is not likely to reveal United States relations with non-white people in a very favorable light.

## Struggling Toward Unity

Outwardly undisturbed by the noises from Chicago, Western experts in Paris are proceeding with the implementation of the European unification program. Their main goals are twofold—the creation of a European parliament and implementation of the decision, taken at the last meeting of the Council of Europe, to link the council to such concrete projects as the Schuman plan and the European army. This decision was hailed by federalists of all shades as a step forward, even though it falls short of the council's original ambition to become "a European political authority with limited functions but real powers."

Both economic and political considerations make the British reluctant to participate in any of the various proposals for European unity. But Continental pressure on them continues, especially from the French, who are anxious to balance Britain against Germany within the frame of the Schuman plan. Eventually a compromise will probably be reached through the appointment of a permanent British delegation to the high authority which will govern the plan when it is finally set up. This means British collaboration rather than integration.

One thing is already clear. It is easier to talk in Strasbourg about consigning to museums the old national cults and the trappings of Napoleonism than to reshape Europe's economy in accordance with new conceptions.

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## Convention Picket Line

When a television camera inadvertently photographed a picket in a crowd in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel during the Republican National Convention, a CBS news commentator jumped in front of him and the TV audience was treated to a view of the sky above Chicago until another shot was lined up. The picket was a member of the Radio Writers' Guild, which has been on strike against the major networks since July 2.

The Guild called the strike over the failure of the networks to meet its wage demands and other grievances, such as the right of employees to material written by them on their own time, and extra pay—which has been granted to actors and announcers—for doing commercial news broadcasts. The network's counter-proposal, which the union found unsatisfactory, was a wage increase of 15 per cent—the union had asked for 21½ per cent—and extra pay for the two network news broadcasts which originate in New York but not for the forty local news programs.

Now the Guild has again set up picket lines in Chicago. This time Democrats will have to cross them. But suppose a convention orator, capitalizing on a golden opportunity to show the party's sympathy for labor, openly urges the networks to meet the writers' demands? What will the TV viewers get then? A "breakdown" in sound equipment or a shot of the roof supports of the International Amphitheater?

## Death of a Fighter

Whatever the promising future may bring, Israel up to now has had virtually no natural resources other than the fighting spirit of its people. Yet this intangible has been enough to carve a nation out of a wilderness in circumstances of appalling difficulty. The inimical British had not yet left when the armed Arabs came; all at once there was a war to fight against odds, a state to create out of chaos, and the meager but precious crops to be guarded against not one enemy but two: the Arab invader and the sinister desert. All this the Jews did and one thing more. Even as they were building their house in the midst of battle, they kept the door open to welcome their harassed co-religionists from abroad.

So Israel won its independence and, without respite, had to plunge into another war to maintain it—the economic war which is still being fought. It, too, is claiming its victims—especially among the older generation of Zionists who have spent their lives in furious pursuit of seemingly unobtainable objectives. Among these victims is Eliezer Kaplan, Deputy Prime Minister of Israel, former Minister of Finance, and, before Israel's statehood, for many years treasurer of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. He died last week because, fighting for his people, he refused to favor an ailing heart.




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# The Forgotten Man

AS THE curtain lifts on the Democratic convention, five avowed candidates are in the running—Kefauver, Russell, Harriman, Barkley, and Kerr. In addition, several favorite sons will probably be placed in nomination. Yet at this writing no one candidate has the backing of even one-fourth of the 1,230 delegates, according to an Associated Press tabulation. President Truman continues to insist he is not a candidate and would refuse to accept a draft. Poor Governor Stevenson seems to be as uncertain as ever, but his spokesmen insist that he would only respond to a genuine draft and that he would not accept a draft as genuine until it had been demonstrated by several ballots that the delegates were unable or unwilling to nominate some other candidate. Thus on any reckoning the Democratic fight promises to be a free-for-all.

At least two factors point up the possibility of a prolonged deadlock. One, of course, is the excess of avowed candidates and the lack of a truly dominating figure among them. The other is the potential conflict for control of the party between a South-West coalition, represented possibly by Kefauver and Russell, and a coalition of Northern city machines backed by the White House, whose hopes are centered in Harriman. But just as the city bosses look down their noses at Kefauver, so Harriman is not the strong man around whom the stop-Kefauver forces can easily rally.

Assuming that several ballots fail to produce a significant break, how might the resulting deadlock be resolved? The most likely compromise candidate, it seems to us, would be Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. He is from a pivotal state; he is acceptable to the Northern city machines; he has the reputation of being a "reformer" and a balancer of budgets; and his standing with the Dixiecrats is excellent. The quickness with which he sponsored the candidacy of Senator Kefauver is a measure of his shrewdness as a politician. By indorsing Kefauver he aligned himself with the popular "anti-Truman" candidate to whose support he might easily fall heir should the Tennessean find that the coalition against him is too strong. Senator Douglas, moreover, has let it be known that he is available. But if he seems the most likely dark-horse candidate, it by no means follows that he is the kind of candidate the Democrats should choose.

FORTUNATELY there is another name that might be suggested at Chicago as a means of breaking a deadlock. In our view Justice William O. Douglas, the forgotten man in Democratic politics, would make the strongest race against General Eisenhower with the possible exception of Governor Stevenson.

In earlier issues we have explained why we think Justice Douglas comes closest to being the kind of candidate the Democrats should name—and our readers share our view in the ratio of two to one. Now, on the eve of the balloting, we would like to suggest why we think he is the strongest possible candidate to oppose Eisenhower. What the Democrats need, of course, is a candidate who can carry the fight to the General on all issues, including foreign policy, and who can outpoll him in such pivotal states as California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York. Justice Douglas has a particularly strong following in these states.

The Democrats also need a forceful, hard-hitting, colorful candidate, in short, a popular one. On this score Justice Douglas stands head and shoulders above the favorite sons and the five avowed candidates. People think of him as the real inheritor of the Roosevelt tradition. He has a happy faculty of being able to dramatize great issues and state them in terms that the people can understand. He would out-poll any of the avowed candidates in the groups whose enthusiastic support is essential to a Democratic victory—labor, the minorities, and the independent voters. He would make an extraordinarily popular candidate throughout the West and especially in the three key West Coast states. He would give the Democratic campaign precisely what it needs—the quality of a people's crusade for freedom, justice, and peace. A favorite in polls of student opinion, Justice Douglas would upset the Republican strategy of making a strong appeal to new voters. He succeeds in conveying, as none of the avowed candidates do, the impression that he is well aware of the kind of world in which we live and is quite capable of dealing with the realities of this world. This, of course, is a political asset of great value in a campaign in which the Republican nominee will be widely billed as the embodiment of the small-town virtues of Midwest America, circa 1910.

The Democrats cannot win in November by trying to outbid the Republicans in a competition to appease the "white" vote in the South. Trick combinations, such as a Kefauver-Russell or a Harriman-Sparkman ticket, cannot offset the risk that Eisenhower may carry Virginia and Texas and perhaps other Southern states as well. Strong candidates in the convention might not make strong nominees against General Eisenhower. Senator Paul Douglas would be a strong candidate in the convention but a weak nominee, if only for the reason that he tried his best to win the Democratic nomination for General Eisenhower. Governor Stevenson, around whom the maximum unity could doubtless be organized, might be seriously handicapped by the similarity of his views on foreign policy with those of Eisenhower. Unity is not necessarily what the Democrats need; what they need are a platform and candidates that can be distinguished from the Republican platform and candidates.



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# *Acheson in Brazil*

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THE RECENT visit of Secretary of State Acheson to Brazil was not accorded, in general, the attention it deserved. True, news reports intimated that he made the journey to allay the anxiety and discontent prevalent in Latin America because of the changed orientation of the Good Neighbor policy in recent years, but the reasons for this anxiety and discontent were not subjected to much analysis.

The feelings of Latin American countries toward the United States could have been correctly gauged during the last Pan-American Conference in Washington by anyone who looked beneath the superficial agreement. I covered that conference for *The Nation* and wrote then (April 7, 1951): "The lack of an authentic community of ideals and purposes is the first great weakness of the Washington conference. Another is the disparity between the objectives of the United States and those of its southern neighbors—democrats and dictators alike. This disparity was made clear, without any beating about the bush, in the reply of Foreign Minister Neves da Fontoura of Brazil to President Truman's address of welcome." It is no coincidence that the same Neves da Fontoura has now spoken out in Rio de Janeiro concerning the growing uneasiness in Latin America about United States impositions in economic matters and its tendency to forget this continent, giving priority to American interests in Europe and Asia.

The present sessions of the U. N. Economic and Social Council offer ample evidence of this uneasiness. The Latin American delegates, experienced politicians that they are—many of them present or future ambassadors to Washington—take good care not to give too much offense to the United States delegates. Nevertheless, they have on several occasions voted with the Russians against the United States. And it is not only the representatives of "rebel" Mexico or "leftist" Guatemala who have voted that way but also Señor Santa Cruz of Chile, a country which only a year ago faithfully followed the United States line on every major issue.

The truth is that the interests of the United States conflict with those of Latin America. The United States wants above all to be able to utilize the resources of the southern continent in the event of a new world war. The Latin American countries seek the kind of help which will allow them to develop a broad-based peace economy, not a war economy. The Washington planners of the new Good Neighbor policy have either forgotten or chosen to ignore the all-important fact that since the end of the First World War the principal objective of Latin American statesmen has been to free their countries from exclusive reliance upon the production of raw materials. As early as the 1920's they saw the danger of letting national prosperity depend on a single source of income, however much money might be coming in from that source at the time—as in the case of sugar in Cuba. The United States, on the other hand, would like each country to concentrate its efforts on producing the particular raw material which fits in with the requirements of American war industries. Latin American countries talk of Point Four; the United States talks of the "necessities of war." The difference between the two concepts is behind the growing rebellion against Washington's current policy.

Resentment of the "American economic dictatorship," to use a Latin American phrase, is aggravated by Washington's insistence that all the other countries of the continent sign bilateral military pacts with the United States. In some countries this insistence has united government and opposition into a single anti-American front. In Argentina, for example, the refusal to sign any kind of military agreement with the United States which might require participation in the next war is the one important point on which Perón and his enemies seem able to agree. In Uruguay the "whites"—the conservative opposition party—are against a military pact with the United States. It is common knowledge that Mexico rejected such a pact and that the Alemán government united the whole country behind it by its refusal to sign. In Chile the pact has been approved by both chambers of the legislature, but military cooperation with the United States is still the most controversial issue in the present presidential campaign. A man like Ibañez, with his dictatorial past, was able to convert himself into a popular candidate merely by saying, "Chile for the Chileans and not for foreign masters."

Secretary Acheson went first to Brazil to try to overcome this widespread spirit of revolt because Brazil has a key position in the military plan elaborated by the United States. If Brazil was to be a safe ally, its army must be purged of unsafe elements. These elements, found even in the highest ranks, are those who oppose the excessive submission of Brazilian military policy to Washington under the direction of the Chief of Staff, General Goes Monteiro. Brazil also had to be courted to keep it isolated from the anti-American influence of Perón's Argentina. And it was necessary to stop the subtle, very discreet, and carefully dissimulated anti-American activity of such influential Brazilians as Ademar da Barros, a rich industrialist of Sao Paulo, a good friend of Getulio Vargas and a man with presidential ambitions. (Vargas himself, it should be remembered, started his electoral campaign by attacking the intervention of former United States Ambassador Adolf Berle in internal Brazilian politics.)

Secretary Acheson's visit coincided with a debate in the Brazilian congress on two measures of special con-



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cern to American interests: is designed to benefit foreign investors, and the other would bar foreign companies from exploring for oil. According to the Brazilian press, he discussed with the government American loans for an internal development program which will probably total $500,000,000.

Upon his return to Washington, Secretary Acheson declared his belief that "we have a great friend and a great ally" in Brazil. But in Brazil as elsewhere in Latin America both the government and the people are beginning to show signs of restlessness. The people are increasingly identifying themselves with movements of rebellion inspired equally by nationalism and by simple hunger.

# *Eisenhower Challenges the Solid South*

## BY ALEXANDER HEARD

THE Republican National Convention of 1952 gave the South a healthy, klieg-lighted shove toward two-party politics. General Eisenhower comes better armed than any other Republican could have been to exploit the deep-running trends that challenge the South's political habits.

Whether next November his party will carry Virginia, or Florida, or Texas, or perhaps Tennessee and North Carolina—or, by a curious irony of history, Mississippi and South Carolina—is a debatable question for the first time in a generation. And the conditions under which the Republicans might win in the South this year have more significance for the future of American politics than any of the scattered Republican victories of the last three-quarters of a century.

All this the leaders of the Democratic Party must know, and their reaction will also affect the course of Southern politics. As I write, the advance agents of Democratic Presidential hopefuls have taken over the campaign suites in Chicago. One thing is certain. No matter who is nominated, the candidate will be found "unsatisfactory" by some Southern Democrats. How unsatisfactory to how many may well be indicated before these words are read.

General Eisenhower's special potential in the South this year—perhaps we should say souths, for there are as many souths as there are states within it—derives from several factors that merit attention. The General is equipped to challenge that persistent source of Southern Democratic strength—emotional aversion to the word Republican when it is printed at the head of a ballot. He cannot vanquish it in this election year—not by a long shot—but he can cut its force in some places to a manageable minimum. No matter how hard he tries to appear a partisan Republican, Eisenhower cannot conceal and will not fail to exploit the fact that his prestige is chiefly personal and not political. He is the hero of Europe, the conqueror of one foe and the symbol of hope against another. His fame, his popularity, and the public's esteem for his talents grow out of his achievements as a general of the army. You don't have to listen to many people to note the effects of this non-political coloration. The habitual Democrat can say, as I heard one say the Friday Ike was nominated: "He's big enough for the job. He's the one Republican I could vote for."

Ike has another source of strength that has great importance for traditional Democrats. People think he can win. And those who would have to risk their political hides to support him are more than mildly interested in winning. Ike talks of storming the South with the cheerful confidence of one who counts on doing some good. Also, the issues on which he promises to make his appeal fit precisely the needs of Republican campaigning in this region. Southern Democrats can agree better among themselves and with other Democrats on foreign and military policy than on almost any other matter. The contradictory charges made by Senator Taft against the Administration's anti-communism program abroad have left them cold. Eisenhower has shown some signs of wanting to disassociate himself from the Administrations he served so long: before the convention he talked disparagingly of the "zigzag" foreign policy of the Democrats. But he will find it impossible to wham away at the policies which he executed as the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, as Chief of Staff, and as Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Forces in Europe, and which he has defended before Congress time and again.

On domestic issues he has shown his ability and intention to slug from the floor. He is right, as well as to the right, in the eyes of those Southerners who have been unhappiest over the policies of Roosevelt and Truman.

The differences between 1928 and 1952 illuminate the significance of the Eisenhower appeal this year. In the 1928 election it can be truly said that Al Smith carried five Southern states for Hoover. The Republican successes in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Flor-

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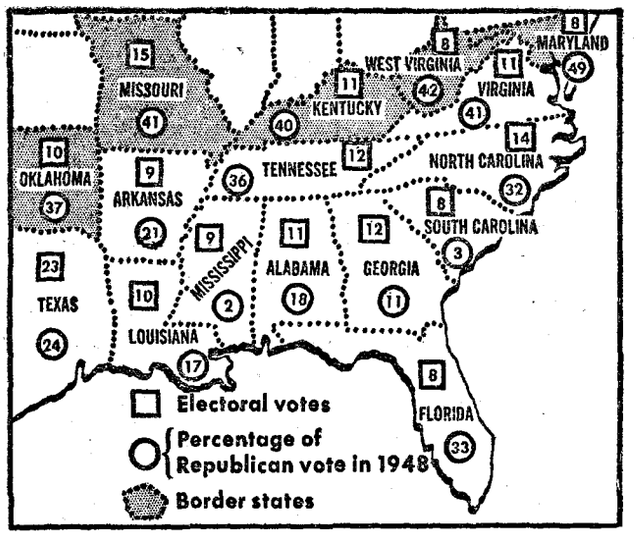


ida, and Texas were produced largely by Democrats who organized a campaign against their own party. These Democrats were moved to bolt by the nature of the Democratic candidate—his religion, his wetness, and his East Side provincialism. Their insurgency died with his defeat.

This year, by contrast, Eisenhower can capitalize on deep-seated dissatisfaction whose causes are imbedded in the changing character of Southern and American life. We need not here review the whole complex of social and economic developments that have been undermining Southern one-party politics. We can simply remember that the South is no longer an agricultural section largely homogeneous in its economic and social interests. (Other large groups of American states are also losing the homogeneity that once gave them incentives toward sectional political unity.) Nor is the Democratic Party any longer the champion of a Southern outlook, or the Republican Party the political haven of the Negro. The political issues that divide us now, both within the parties as well as between them, increasingly cut across the old geographic boundaries to produce alliances rooted in economic and social interests. In the last eight years many a Southern Democrat has felt out of step with his national party. He is the recruit most likely to fall in step with Ike.

The seating of Eisenhower delegations from Louisiana and Texas was hardly less important for the Republican future in the South than the nomination itself. The story of the crafty cynics who have dominated the Republican vest-pocket organizations in much of the South has now been carried by radio and television to millions of American voters. It is an old story to those who have had occasion to run it down—how these petty bosses keep the party small in order to keep control of it. Two aspects of this matter, however, distinguish 1952. The Eisenhower Republicans proudly claim among their number a healthy host of "independents" and converted Democrats. The absurd contention that these people should be shunned by the party was repudiated at Chicago. More important, if Eisenhower wins, are the signs that the new national Republican leadership has the intention as well as the incentive to encourage a revitalization of Southern Republican leadership. Nothing is more essential for the development of the party beyond next November. Nothing is more difficult. But the Republican platform is the surest sign of G. O. P. seriousness in the South this year. As the press noted, the ambiguous plank on a Fair Employment Practices Commission resulted from the Resolutions Committee's concern for the feelings of Southern delegates and voters. Its adoption will seemingly preserve Eisenhower's eligibility in the South.

TO MEET this challenge in the South the Democratic convention can follow one of two courses. It can, as suggested by Senator Sparkman, draft a civil-rights plank acceptable to Southern delegates, perhaps acceptable in the same way as the Republican plank. Or, responding to the insistence of leaders outside the South, like Senator Lehman, it can repeat the action of 1948 and force through an unequivocal statement of intent. Wholly aside from the intense personal views held by some delegates, shrewd managers in the convention must be guided by political arithmetic. The simple fact is that the stakes in this war of symbols are greater outside the South than within it.

In 1948 Harry Truman lost the states of New York and Michigan by fewer votes than Henry Wallace received. This year New York has 45 electoral votes and Michigan has 20. What will move Mr. Wallace's former supporters this year I cannot say, but in these states and in many others above the Potomac the symbolism of F. E. P. C. can sway the narrow margins that stand between victory and defeat. In five other states in the East and Middle West the Democratic and Republican totals were separated in 1948 by less than 2 per cent of the major-party vote. These states—Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—will cast 76 electoral votes in 1952. Here we have 141 votes. The electoral votes of all eleven Deep South states total 128. The Democratic Party cannot lightly ignore these calculations in drafting its platform or choosing its candidates.

Does all this add up to Republican successes below the Potomac in 1952? The best analyses of the 1948 election reveal one eminently sobering fact for the prognosticator: the twist in public attitudes that returned Mr. Truman to the White House occurred during the last two weeks of the campaign. Many a twist will be given between now and November.

If trends mean anything, however, Senator Byrd's Commonwealth of Virginia seems more likely to follow Eisenhower than any of the other ten Southern states. Virginia showed the greatest Republican strength in the



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South in 1948—41 per cent. The figure has been steadily rising since 1936—29.4 in 1936, 31.5 in 1940, 37.4 in 1944. Much will depend on the attitude of Boss Byrd, who provided a sort of neutral opposition to Truman in 1948 and has just been thumpingly renominated for his fourth term. He probably has the unique ability to run, in a relatively close state, as the Democratic candidate for Senator while at the same time failing to support the Democratic choice for President. It is hard to see what serious Virginia Republican would oppose the Democrats' personal edition of Mr. Republican.

The belligerent stance of the North Carolina Democratic organization sharply distinguishes the situation in that state from the situation in Virginia. In North Carolina, which went 32 per cent Republican in 1948, the drums have already begun to beat, calling loyal Democrats to the firing line. The Upper South state, Tennessee (36 per cent for Dewey in the last election), must be counted loyal this year if Senator Kefauver is on the ticket, as appears not unlikely.

Given these circumstances, it would seem that Florida and Texas, next to Virginia, are most susceptible to the appeals of Ike this year. Florida's Republican percentage in Presidential contests has been steadily rising too—23.9 in 1936, 26 in 1940, 29.7 in 1944, 33 in 1948. Moreover, Florida's political attitudes are less deeply rooted in the tradition that binds all of the other Southern states except Texas.

The case of Texas calls attention to the possibilities of a bolt in some Southern states, a bolt that would lead "Democratic" electors to vote for other than the candidate of the Democratic National Convention. Governor Shivers of Texas has hinted at this already in discussing the contest between the two Texas Democratic delegations seeking seats at Chicago. Governor Byrnes of South Carolina has made clear his desire to raise a ruckus if he can find something to raise it about. He might even be able to lead his state's electors to vote for Eisenhower. If so, possibly the same processes would throw Mississippi to Ike, and perhaps Georgia.

Whether Eisenhower's new Republican strength will be sufficient this year to give him the electoral votes of any Southern state must remain questionable. It seems certain, however, that Republican voting all across the South will increase because of his candidacy. This increase will be wholesome, since it will move the South and the country closer to two-party politics. It will move them closer to a kind of politics in which party names have greater meaning, in which the party in the majority has the power and the responsibility to govern, in which honest conservatives and liberals can know what they are voting for and vote for what they want.

# *TV: High-Frequency Palpitations*

BY GILBERT MILLSTEIN

THE television and radio industry, a golden graft of art upon the scaly body of commerce, is, in the opinion of a network vice-president widely distinguished for once having said "no" to an advertising agency vice-president, "a quiet collaboration among quiet, desperate men held together by a common bond of insecurity and given to the habit of furious acquiescence." The awesome expansion of television in the past six years has brought the industry to the point today where there are more men saying "yes" and feeling bad about it than ever before in the history of mass communications or entertainment. "A man," continued the network vice-president with melancholy certainty, "develops an anxiety from having to be nice to people he can't possibly like."

With the possible exception of two remote, shaman-like figures known respectively as the "sponsor," who supplies the money, and the "sponsor's wife," who is popularly supposed to make up his mind for him, this frame of mind is widespread among television and radio department heads; executive producers, plain producers, and assistant producers; directors, casting directors, and assistant directors; script writers and commercial script writers; network vice-presidents, supervisors, and liaison men; technical directors, scenic designers, costume designers, make-up men, lighting experts, audio engineers, camera crews, script girls, actors, and actresses. It is also found in a large anomalous body of lay participants whose exact function defies description but who are endowed with what one man has called "a real flair for the utilization of words which, when analyzed, add up to nothing—I mean double-talkers."

The people in the industry are not only required to be in constant agreement about questions to which, admittedly, nobody as yet knows the answers but are subject to tremendous intensification of two other common pressures—time, of which there is never enough, and money, of which there is too much. They live four years in one, always nervously, because the broadcasting

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year is divided into thirteen-week cycles, with notifications of cancellation or renewal issued at the end of the ninth week. Solemn and frequently successful efforts have been made to get the outside world to wrench around its own concept of time to fit the business. One of the areas in which the problem has been handled with a certain amount of dexterity is the televised football game. During a game, if a team calls time out, it may suspend play for anywhere up to two minutes. Nowadays most teams take the full two minutes, thereby providing sufficient time for the broadcast of a commercial.

*"Halt! Two minutes out for Bleaties!"*

"The officials," one network sports announcer remarked the other day, "have been most cooperative in inducing team captains to take the full two minutes."

Money exerts a curious sort of pressure. The biggest musical on Broadway rarely costs more than $300,000 to produce, and the anticipation of a profit is innocently based on how good the entertainment will prove. In television and radio nothing is done for less than $3,000,000 a year and then for the primary purpose of selling something else. "You got to get in there and spend that money," a critic of the process said thoughtfully not long ago. "It's timid and it's bold. There is nothing moves so slowly as a million dollars, except when it starts to move, and then it goes like an avalanche. Granted entertainment and uplift aren't its primary purpose, I still think there is more enterprise—and more apprehension—in this business than in the industries that support it. Out of which I suppose a social philosopher might make something."

One part-time social philosopher, Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., vice-president in charge of television at the National Broadcasting Company, once did make something out of it. He sent his department heads a memorandum urging them to support a fund-raising campaign of the American Heart Association. "The reason why I am interested in this cause," the memorandum read, "and why I want all of you to overdo our support is simple. This is our way of going, fellows. Let's not kid ourselves. Aside from those of us who elect the high-board finish, this business is almost devoted to worsening the statistics on cardio-vascular drops. As I see you in our daily work, so also I see you as you'll go —the quick slump, martini dropping from nerveless fingers, eyes glazed, jaw slack, and the faint voice saying, 'Surgery calling Frank Campbell—back up the meat wagon.' Yes, boys, some may look forward to fretting with their pillows and wasting away of a deep-seated organic disorder, but not you. You'll be snarling at an agency man one minute, and the next you'll be hearing, 'Anybody know the Lord's Prayer bit?' "

THE industry occupies its own little planet of which the axis is Madison Avenue in New York. Three kinds of advertising agencies line the avenue—those decorated in the fashion of an eighteenth-century manor house, for conservative clients; those using blond wood, monk's cloth, and Japanese prints, for clients who believe this style to be functional; and those with plain useful furniture, for clients who hate to think their money is being wasted by an agency. At Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street are the headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System. A block and a half to the west, in the austere mass of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, are located the National Broadcasting Company, the American Broadcasting Company, and more advertising agencies. The proximity of the agencies to the networks deeply affects the folkways of both.

These seem to have developed much in the manner of the "peck order" among barnyard fowl, as described by T. Schjelderup-Ebbe. "There exists," said Schjelderup-Ebbe, "a definite order of precedence or social distinction . . . founded upon certain conditions of despotism." Members of the lower echelons of chickens "spend time in out-of-the-way places, feed after others have fed, and make their way around cautiously, apparently with an eye out to avoid contacts. The lowest-ranking birds may appear lean, and their plumage is somewhat more rumpled because they have less time to arrange it." In the industry the order of descent is from network and agency-account executives to actors and writers. There is some dispute as to whether actors or writers are lower in the peck order.

The typical network or account executive—the two are freely interchangeable, like 600 by 16 tires on automobiles—is a thin, dynamic man in the middle forties with a deceptive boyish complexion, an ulcer, hypertension, and a palpitating heart. His mind is in constant ferment, and he cannot look at anything without improving, changing, or packaging it. His tailoring is impeccable, and he gives the impression of having been graduated from an Ivy League college, although the



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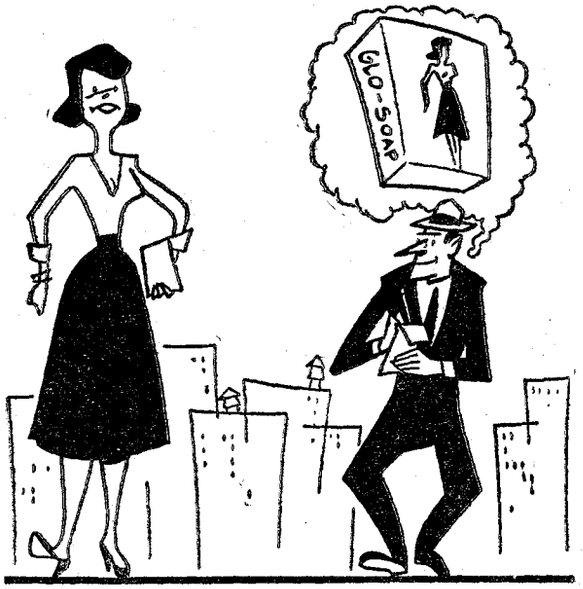



*"He cannot look at anything without packaging it."*

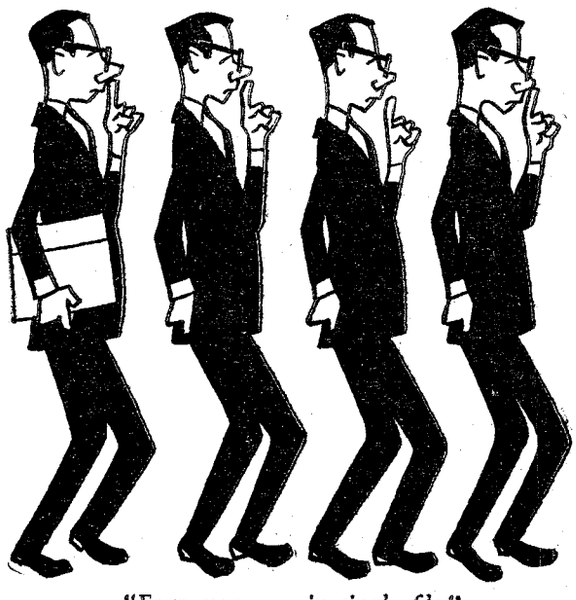
chances are he went to Northwestern. During the war he was in the navy and rose to the rank of lieutenant-commander. (Only performers were in the army; most of them played small roles in "This Is the Army.")

The executive has little time for his family or for relaxation, and when he takes his wife out, it is on business. He can't watch a play without wondering whether it can be adapted to television. When he gets near the breaking-point, he takes a long vacation, usually in Arizona or Colorado. If he insists on doing business during his vacation, he goes to Palm Springs. He is no longer "sincere," as in the days of Frederick Wakeman, but "serious," and his speech is a curious collection of borrowings with meanings other than those he intends to convey. Thus he "really gets in there and pitches," "holds a client's hand," "pools brains" with other people, "kicks an idea around," "thinks out loud" or "mulls it over." After that, he goes out and "beats the bushes," "lives with" an account or "bird-dogs" it, "pounds the pavements," "checks and gets back to" (always by telephone, of which he has at least three on his desk), and eventually "goes along with" whatever a client proposed to do in the first place. He is, finally, unable to estimate the extent of his success and is inclined to equate it with the latest Nielsen rating or a *Variety* review of a show put on by his newest account.

The "talent," by which agency and network men mean those who are not agency or network men, are, in the view of these executives, a race apart, "warm-hearted," as one of them freely conceded, "and sentimental, but always grasping for idealistic things which are usually impractical. Frequently, they don't understand the economics of the business, but that's not surprising. They tend to forget that we're not in business to uplift or instruct."

Like agency and network men, the talent are governed by the telephone, except that they are never home to answer their own; they are always registered with a telephone-answering service. Probably the most important meeting place for talent is the third-floor lounge at NBC, where, as one page firmly believes, it is possible to tell audiences from performers only by the fact that audiences never look as if they knew where they were going, whereas entertainers look as if they knew where they were going, but not how to get there.

Just as the business end of the industry thinks the entertainment end is given to a rosy impracticality, so the entertainers feel that the business office is concerned only with marketing. The uneasy fusion of the two elements has been described by a neutral as follows: "People have rehearsed for forty hours in an old theater, tripped over booms and cables, walked in front of a camera during a run-through, and lived in fear of going up in their lines—there's no second-night in this business; once it's done, it's done. Everybody is exhausted except the producer, who is hysterical, and the writer, who is sullen. Fifteen minutes before the show goes on the air, four men in oxford-gray flannel suits with crew haircuts walk into the place. They always walk in single file—never abreast, never scattered. The first is the head of the agency's TV department; the second and third are sponsor's men and nobody ever saw them before. The fourth is the assistant to the first and carries a portfolio in which is a copy of what they always call 'the latest revised commercial.' With nine minutes to go, eight minutes must now be cut out of the script. These men always talk in low voices and you have to lean forward to hear them. They're afraid of overhearing themselves. Anybody who raises his voice gets checked in 'Red Channels.' They've got only one thing to say, 'I'm afraid you can't do this.' One thing I've learned: You can't; and you do something else. One other thing: I like the life."



*"Four men . . . in single file."*



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# *Green Light for the Red Dean*

BY ANDREW ROTH

*London*

SCARCELY anyone here fears that Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the seventy-eight-year-old "Red Dean" of Canterbury, will make many converts for the Communist cause. The last "big" meeting he addressed in Britain—it was after his return from Rumania a year ago—attracted only 150 persons, most of them habitual attenders of Communist-front gatherings. Characteristically, he was ecstatic about the fish ponds on Rumanian collective farms. For him what is commonplace in Israel or Indonesia becomes a triumph of Communist planning in Rumania.

Dr. Johnson's inability to impress an informed audience was demonstrated at a press conference here on July 8, the day after he returned from a seven weeks' trip to China. Of course the "hatchet men" of the ultra-conservative press came prepared to handle him roughly. But many newspapers, unhappy about use of the napalm bomb in Korea, were ready to report any serious evidence he could produce in support of the Communists' charges of germ warfare. The Dean, however, could do no more than present as "final and unanswerable" the alleged confessions of two American war prisoners and the exhibit in Peking prepared by Chinese scientists "of world-wide reputation, many of them trained in England and America." "No one," he said, "doubts their objectivity, honesty, and scientific equipment."

Naturally, the Dean is constantly raising the blood pressure of the old Conservatives. Last year Sir Waldron Smithers, Britain's serio-comic equivalent of America's Senator McCarthy, proposed that Dr. Johnson be tried for treason and hanged in public. A few weeks ago Sir Waldron, amid general laughter in Commons, asked Prime Minister Churchill whether he might submit a list of "fellow-travelers" in the Church of England and the House of Commons to be used as guinea pigs for Britain's first atomic-bomb test. Another Conservative, J. D. Profumo, has denounced the Dean as a "turbulent priest" who has inflicted "slashing wounds" on the British public. More than a score of other members of Parliament—all Conservatives—are now demanding that the Dean be ousted. And for the first time this demand is supported by Liberal newspapers like the *News Chronicle* and the *Evening Star*.

The *Times* summed up the situation on July 10. "There can be little doubt," it said, "that if there were any safe and lawful means of dispensing with the Dean's services, his ecclesiastical supporters would have long ago adopted it." But Dr. Johnson, like all British cathedral deans, has a life appointment to office. Moreover, under a measure approved in 1949, compulsory retirement of the clergy on political grounds is specifically forbidden. The only legal way to unseat him would be to prove him guilty of heresy, treason, or felony.

What infuriates most orthodox Conservatives is the Dean's use of his exalted position to give his political views an importance they would otherwise assuredly lack. The Conservatives were furious when Prime Min-

*ANDREW ROTH is a staff contributor.*

## The Green Dean

"I spy with my little eye
Something that starts with G,
And my proof confirms G stands for germs,"
Says the Dean, "as all can see.

"No proof I lack of spiders black,
Mosquitoes and rats in the snow,
All kinds of thing with noxious stings,
As my documents will show."

"But why try a rat or a fly
For bacteriological war?"
His hearers ask, "when for this task
A bomb could do much more?

"Mosquitoes, mice, rats, flies on ice
We must presume are dead;
Might not disease among Chinese
By China's flies be spread?"

"Bugs, lice, and fleas the free Chinese
Have purged," the Dean replies—
"These insect swarms in lethal forms
Germ-planes have dropped from the skies.

"A Bible oath I would be loath
To question or to doubt—
God-fearing men around Mukden
Have searched these carriers out."

His hearers all for a mission call
By a supra-national team
But this request in vain is pressed
On Peking's Red regime.

The Chinese know they cannot show
What never was there to be seen—
It may be said that the Dean is Red,
But what makes the Red Dean green?

SAGITTARIUS

(In the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)



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ister Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 named the Socialist Dr. Johnson a dean, and they have seen no reason since to change their minds.

Objection to the use of orthodox honors to support unorthodox views has been behind the "political persecution" cases which have recently marred Britain's outstanding civil-liberties record. Thus Edgar P. Young, retired naval commander, was struck off the list of retired naval officers in March because his activities in behalf of the Communist Party were proving a "source of embarrassment and distress to the Royal Navy at home and abroad." His removal was attacked by James Callaghan, Labor M. P. and former parliamentary secretary of the navy, as unwise and unprecedented persecution for political views. No similar action was taken, Callaghan pointed out, against Admiral Sir Barry Domville, who had been interned during the war for his fascist sympathies.

In June, 1951, Mrs. Monica Felton was removed from her post as chairman of the Stevenage Development Corporation by her sponsor, Hugh Dalton, Labor's Minister of Local Government, when she returned from North Korea to spread the Communist version of American atrocities and American aggression. Similarly Sir John Pratt, the brother of Boris Karloff, was dropped from a Foreign Office committee on Chinese students for propagating the Communist line.

None of these persons, it should be noted, has been deprived of his passport, which the British consider as much a right of citizenship as voting.

Last year the Dean himself was quoted in the Soviet magazine *Ogonyek* as saying, "I should not be surprised if I were shortly to be relieved of my duties at Canterbury Cathedral because I tell the truth about the Soviet Union." But despite the clamor against him he will probably be denied his martyrdom. Britain has a soft spot for eccentrics, including political eccentrics, possibly because British society is so stable, so firmly rooted in tradition, that it has no need to fear them. Most leading Britons, including the bulk of the Labor M. P.'s, would rather keep the fabric of their free institutions intact than join in a witch hunt against the shriveling group of Kremlin followers. As the *Times* said somewhat portentously, "The whole structure of both church and state in England is strongly biased toward freedom of opinion, and wherever freedom exists it will sometimes be abused." Churchill has refused to do anything to silence the Dean, declaring, "Free speech carries with it [certain] evils, but we would rather lump them than do away with it."

*Dr. Hewlett Johnson*

# *Our Gimmick Society*

## BY SEYMOUR FIDDLE

WITH his customary incisiveness Robert S. Lynd developed in an earlier issue of *The Nation* [Our Racket Society, August 25, 1951] the idea that ours is a racket society. As he visualized the situation, our way of life places massive pressures upon the citizen to flourish by deviation and induces in him a range of attitudes from cynicism to honest indignation. There is, however, another descriptive phrase which fits the facts equally well—our gimmick society. Looked at from this point of view, our society appears to have a disproportionate number of specialists who exploit peripheral devices for solving problems. By some magical process critical issues are pressed into clever and innocent-faced forms.

Some illustrations may be helpful: Radio writers specializing in crime stories compete with each other in thinking up trick devices for killing or not killing off their characters. An apartment house with an anti-Negro policy tells Negro applicants for advertised vacancies that the advertisement was a "mistake" and that the only available apartment rents for some $40 more a month. A synthetic is sold to dentists at $45 a pound and to airplane factories for 80 cents, the manufacturer introducing light amounts of arsenic into the cheaper product to prevent its use in dentures. Counties in some Southern states are so gerrymandered that Negro majorities cannot materially affect the political contest.

Instances multiply-like drosophila. Huckstering, legal chicanery, and the misdirection of inventions are three more types of gimmickry that come to mind. Each is a device which elaborates a peripheral structural element at the expense of some other shared central element in the interest of a special occasion or special group. Put

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more simply, the gimmick specialist gets a dilemma and solves it by unsuspected indirection. Such a division of labor encourages some citizens to thrive by forcing open or widening the holes in the social and cultural fabric.

Gimmick specialists prosper when the flaws in the social structure expand in number and size, and as the possibilities for spontaneous consensus on critical issues diminish. It is under such conditions of *anomie* that knowing manipulation of the left-handed surprise is least vulnerable to attack. Indeed, even concealing the absence of shared values becomes the function of a gimmick: elections are run along sidetracked issues. Instead of party contests on broad issues, the citizen is bemused by the gulleys and sidings of peripheral problems. Semantic confusions and cunning ambiguities—these are some of the familiar devices contrived to blur his vision.

While the term gimmick seems to be distinctively American—there is apparently no reference to the term in the latest slang dictionaries—the pattern is not exclusively American. What is striking about our society is rather the stress, pervasiveness, and profitability of the gimmick pattern and its congeniality with other cultural patterns, such as the emphasis on technological developments. The gimmick specialist canalizes American machine-mindedness for private interests. Just as machines become progressively more efficient, so gimmicks become more subtilized. Last year's ingenuity is, in the vernacular, this year's corn. The independent observer wonders if such a pattern does not encourage a misappropriation of social energies for ephemeral wants rather than basic needs.

The same observer examining at close range the operation of gimmickry may be disturbed by a painful resemblance. Tugging the rules of the game at their edges until they give way, or pushing in at the fabric's flaws, characterizes both the gimmick-man and the demagogue. The Huey Longs candidly pry open patched-over structural problems only to repatch them with privately lucrative cloth. To use Karl Mannheim's metaphor, they explore and deepen the rat holes of society with their armies of astute footpads. They would cajole by meretricious slogans and operate the state by magical formulas.

Though the gimmick pattern is not simply a war and post-war phenomenon, a good hunch is that it spreads out under conditions of lush disorder. Like other commodities gimmicks clog the market, their inventors doubling as vendors. The sheer prevalence of the phenomenon escalates the public's expectations for the stunning cleverness of the next experience. In self-defense those specialists who seek to sell to large markets pack their talents under one shiny label. So a description of a morning TV news program leaves the uninitiated craning as at a Ringling Brothers extravaganza. The question of central import, the adequacy of the broadcasts as critical and constructive instruments for detecting critical trends and situating events, is only prattled about in a glib parenthesis. The news releases press their weight on the astonishing trick.

An alternative to the gimmick pattern is the pattern of principled conduct, a pattern in which large values actuate the individual who seeks to locate himself socially so that he can fulfil them as best he can. For the professedly democratic society as a whole it is the principle of democratic planning. On either level such an idea would not blot out all keen maneuvering or delicate complications or petty invention. The gimmick would not be banished—just whittled to its proper proportions.

# *William Pomeroy—American Huk*

BY BENJAMIN APPEL

I AM a stranger to you and the mother of William J. Pomeroy, a citizen of the United States who went back to the Philippine Islands to write a book on conditions in the Philippines and the Huks." These were the opening lines of a letter I received in April, postmarked Rochester, New York. In it Mrs. Pomeroy explained that she had written me because she had heard of my recent novel about the Philippines, "Fortress in the Rice," and hoped to interest me in her son's case. A former G. I. and official historian of the 5th Bomber Command, Pomeroy had returned to the Islands after the war and eventually had joined the Communist-led Huks. According to Ramon Magsaysay, the Philippines Secretary of Defense, he was acting as their propaganda chief when he was captured by units of the Philippines army north of Manila. Magsaysay was reported to be asking for the death sentence.

The mother's letter moved me. It was the letter of a woman devoted to her son if naive about the political forces that had shaped his life. I wrote Mrs. Pomeroy in reply that I was curious to know how and why her son, a Rochester boy, had become a revolutionary leader in a land ten thousand miles away. No other American Communist as far as is known had joined the Huks.

*BENJAMIN APPEL, author of "Fortress in the Rice," was official historian of the McNutt mission which surveyed Philippine conditions at the request of President Truman.*



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The mother then wrote me again and sent me photostats of articles her son had contributed to Filipino journals and poems he had published as a high-school student. "It is my conviction," she said, "that Bill's main purpose in going with the Huks was to write the history of them." Pomeroy himself, in a long letter entitled Why I Have Joined the Huks, published April 14, 1951, in the *Philippines Free Press* of Manila, had described his literary interest in the Filipino scene: "In my short stories I wrote of the people I saw, hoping to probe into the lives that lay behind the dulled eyes."

After his war service Pomeroy was restless in Rochester. So he decided to study at the university in Manila. There he met and married a Filipino girl, a graduate of the university. Meanwhile he was writing. He asked his mother to send him five notebooks of his poems. He thought of becoming a teacher.

Then, with seeming abruptness, he and his wife left Manila to join the Huk rebels. His letter in the *Free Press* revealed political as well as literary reasons:

> For over three years I was a spectator of human history in the Philippines observing the tidal wave of change building up in Filipino life, observing, too, the frantic efforts to dam it by those who want to keep things as they are in this country. Having trained myself to think socially, I feel it deeply when my fellowmen are murdered, tortured, and starved. . . . I could not remain a mere spectator in the Philippines without being a traitor to my conscience, to my beliefs, to my sense of honesty, truth, and justice. . . . That is why I have joined the Huks.

But in this political testament he did not mention that he was a Communist. The *Free Press* learned it only after publishing his letter and naturally resented such a significant omission. In an editorial in a later issue, headed Deception and Sincerity, it said:

> That the over-all impression made by the Pomeroy letter to the *Free Press,* published two weeks ago, was that of a man, an American, who became a Communist after witnessing the horrible social conditions prevailing in the Philippines cannot be gainsaid. That the writer was indulging in "poetic license" all the time also cannot be gainsaid in view of the evidence that he was a Communist when he came to the Philippines. The deception has brought into question the sincerity of the man. . . . Yet of Pomeroy's sincerity as a Communist, if not as a man, as the bourgeois world understands the term, there can be no doubt. When all is said and done, Pomeroy still stands ready to die for his faith. He did give up a life of relative security and comfort to join the dissidents in the hills.

Pomeroy replied that he had severed his connection with the American Communist Party and had returned to the Philippines not in behalf of communism but to further his personal interests. He was undoubtedly referring to his ambition to become a writer. As a boy in Rochester he had devoured books by Emerson, Kipling, Keats, Hemingway. In high school he was editor-in-chief of the school paper and won the school's most important literary prize. "As a senior, Bill was in my class in current problems," wrote Charles A. Vallance, a teacher at Rochester West High. "He was always interested in social and economic questions and formed conclusions which he did not hesitate to express even if they were entirely opposite to mine or to those of the rest of the class. . . . He was a pronounced idealist but never a radical."

*William J. Pomeroy*

At eighteen, after winning a college scholarship, Pomeroy was forced to go to work. He continued his education in the school of war. At the age of thirty-six he pleaded guilty to the charges of the Philippine government and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The Pomeroy story, dramatic as it is, is but a single drop of color on the huge revolutionary canvas that stretches across the Far East. The Filipino *tao* like the Chinese coolie will continue to revolt until he is given land. Americans who do not understand this land hunger are puzzled by many things now happening in the Islands. For instance, the defense lawyers in the recent trials of Communist and Huk leaders and of Amado Hernandez, leader of the Democratic Alliance which advocates a coalition with the Huks, were men of the most pronounced anti-Huk and anti-Communist sentiments. One of them, Claro Recto, served as Foreign Minister during the Japanese occupation; another was Jose Laurel, President of the Japanese-sponsored republic. Both men when in power fought the Huks as vigorously as has the present republic, which is dominated today by the Liberal Party of Elpidio Quirino. Recto and Laurel are leaders of the opposition Nacionalista Party and will be the chief candidates for the Nacionalista nomination for the Presidency in 1953. Yet, they were willing to act as defense counsel for the rebels and must have been convinced that their political fortunes would not be thereby impaired.

I submit that this situation should be seriously considered by all Americans. We must recognize the Philippine facts of life and try to meet the challenge—with land, food for the hungry, industrialization, education. Such a program as has been proposed by Justice Douglas for backward countries could save the Philippines for democracy. Nothing else can.



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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## The Limitations of Man

*THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY*. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

VERY simply stated, the irony of American history, according to Dr. Niebuhr, lies in the conflict between our democratic pretensions and our accomplishments, in the "incongruity between our illusions and the realities which we experience." Our dreams of pure virtue are hard to reconcile with a resort to dubious means for a good end. The liberal tradition has always ascribed the defects of human nature to social institutions, or to environment, or to ignorance —never to original sin—and has assumed a rational basis for democratic society. Our belief that a rational world can be achieved by the use of education and a scientific approach to the problems of human nature is challenged by the choice between our responsibility to the world community and the use of the bomb, an ironic climax to history which shows how irrational is the basis of that belief.

Dr. Niebuhr believes that we have confused happiness with prosperity, and prosperity with virtue. We find it hard "to recognize the fortuitous and the providential element in our good fortune" and have come to believe that our prosperity is the reward of our superior moral qualities.

The assumption that living standards are the final test of the good life is, to our surprise, challenged in other countries. "The pursuit of culture requires certain margins of physical security and comfort; but the extension of the margins does not guarantee the further development of cultural values." We are beginning to realize that rivalries still arise in our economy of abundance, and that science and business enterprise do not insure the triumph of reason. Our belief that business enterprise can produce a rational world is matched by the more specific Communist dogma that man is corrupted by the single institution of property—abolish property and men will be free. But the Soviet dogma, ruthlessly applied and drawing to itself the self-righteousness of unlimited power and absolute certainty, is infinitely more corrupting than the American, which is modified by a sense of the practical necessities of life.

And America has been successful in establishing justice and domestic tranquillity. This is largely due to our pragmatic approach, so often at variance with our official credo, which meets and solves specific problems, not by the application of the doctrine of laissez faire or the false abstraction of economic man, but by compromise and the use of whatever political power is necessary to determine the immediate problem.

Thus the paradox of American policy is that its theory—the unchallenged institution of property, raised to a sacred dogma—is on one side of the debate, its practice on the other. Eventually theory is corrected by practice. Yet the dogmatic worship of laissez faire, in spite of the pragmatic modification of its application, tends still to allow only half-hearted measures to be taken against perils which demand immediate solution, such as inflation.

In a chapter on The International Class Struggle, Dr. Niebuhr shows high intelligence and imaginative insight in discussing the difficulties which confront the United States in its new position as leader of the community of nations. The revolutionary religion of communism has taken root, not, as Marx predicted, in highly developed industrial societies, but in non-industrial nations, particularly in Asia. The resentments against the industrial world of the West flow from several causes. Even after the emancipation of millions of people the revolt against "imperialism" and "colonialism" still lingers from the ancient exploitation. It is not hard for the Marxists to identify imperialism with the capitalist system, coating, temporarily at least, the new and infinitely more brutal imperialism with an ostensibly pure benevolence. The plight of the poor, the ancient evils of landlordism and usurious interest rates, the corruption of a vast bureaucracy (in China), the strategic necessities which sometimes force us to support colonialism (as in Indo-China), the new dislocations of non-technical countries trying to transform their agrarian cultures overnight into modern industrial civilizations—all these facts account for Soviet success. Yet we meet these resentments by broadcasting to the world boasts of our unexcelled standard of living—in order to prove our virtue!

Democracy in the West has little appeal in the East, where spiritual life is based on religions that are pantheistic and collectivist, and where "the purpose of religious redemption is the annulment of individual existence and its incorporation into a divine unity." How then can Orientals respond to the concept of "dignity of the individual"? Our most cherished values are neither understood nor desired. The dynamic religion of communism is welcomed in the East. It is a utopian appeal, and speaking in the name of justice it tells the oppressed that they can never be free unless the whole world is free.

We must face the spread of tyranny in the non-industrial world for many years to come. The Islamic power was finally destroyed not by its foes but by its own inner corruptions. And so with communism. "If we fully understand the deep springs which feed the illusions of this religion . . . and the realities of life which must ultimately refute them, we might acquire the necessary patience to wait out the long run of history while we take such measures as are necessary to combat the more immediate perils."

Dr. Niebuhr ends with a discussion of the American future. Our problems of idealism are aggravated by the inordinately overbalanced American power in the present world situation and by the fact that it offers to our self-confidence, impatient of history, no clear or easy or swift path to victory or to peace. We must reorientate "the whole structure of our idealism," which is "too certain that there is a straight path toward the goal of human happiness; too confident of the wisdom and idealism which prompt men and nations toward that goal; and too blind to the curious compounds of good and evil in which the actions of the best men and nations abound."

Dr. Niebuhr does not, as a recent



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criticism of his book suggests, attack the scientific and the rational approach to life and to politics, or contrast faith and reason to the detriment of the latter. I am not sure what he means by "faith," but I think he uses the word to indicate a sense of the mystery of life, of the intuitive instinct flowing from an experience which is not so much irrational as inexplicable in terms of logic. That faith, more explicitly the Christian faith, teaches us awareness of the limitations of man, in itself an act of skepticism, just as the rejection of the omnipotence of logic is a type of skepticism. A sense of the irony of history and of the limitations of human beings gives Dr. Niebuhr such an approach, faith touched with skepticism.

Humility will not weaken our power or dim our aspirations. We must not fall into the sin that has made communism such a monstrous evil—the pretension that there is but one road to salvation, the attempt "to play the role of God to history." It is more important, as Lincoln once remarked, to know whether we are on God's side than whether He is on ours. FRANCIS BIDDLE

## Spiritual Malaise

*HEAVEN AND EARTH.* By Carlo Coccioli. Translated from the Italian by Frances Frenaye. Prentice-Hall. $3.50.

THIS is the first novel by Carlo Coccioli I have read, although his advance publicity says he has written six and although I make a profession of following the Italian literary scene. The reason for my "snubbing" Coccioli is over-simple: he was touted by Malaparte, from whose jaundiced opportunism a recommendation is considered by many, myself included, the kiss of death.

But "Heaven and Earth" came in as a reviewing task, and I am both irritated and pleased by it, irritated because it is a long, maundering near-classic of a book no word of which you can miss without loss, and pleased because Coccioli can frame a story of spiritual malaise, can place a portion of today's struggle, as sharply, as fiercely, and as intemperately as does the priest about whom he writes.

The novel chronicles the search for a spiritual home of one Ardito Piccardi, "Ardito" being a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" name, meaning "daring." Ardito started out in life an orphan, unsheltered—and unhampered—by the family ties that can make childhood sweet. Instead, he was relegated to an elderly aunt in whose house he lived until in his teens his vocation came upon him, at the scene of the exorcism of the devil from a young girl whom he alone suspected of being possessed.

His life as a priest is told in a series of flashbacks variously attributed, for variety, to a doctor, a newspaperman, two of Piccardi's instructors, a young homosexual, a Socialist school teacher whom he had brought into the Catholic fold, and, of course, his own letters. The variety of style and treatment is not so great as to allow all these attributions: most of them are pure Coccioli (I do not think the translation at fault; it seems, with rare lapses, unexceptional). But there is enough conviction in the writing, a vast-enough canvas, so that the story holds together and holds the reader. The author is moved, as is his protagonist, Don Ardito, by the basic problem of how to make peace between the conflicting selves of man, how to survive in a world rent by useless and evidently unjust, though not unjustified, conflict, and especially, I would say, by the reconciliation of man's "fall" with his "redemption" or, in lay terms, the tranquillization of his guilt by the freeing of his capacities for usefulness.

Coccioli seeks two frames of reference—the world of the militant Catholic church, with which he seeks to identify himself, and the world of the beleaguered homosexual, which, but for the libel laws, I would guess he has held for years like thorns to his breast. In seeking to crucify his priest-protagonist he forces him to feel personally guilty of having failed one—and only one—of his flock, a young perverted suppliant to whom, textually, he yearns to have said, after the latter's suicide, "My son, live as your nature commands you. Live, and torment yourself no longer. All of us have a right to live, and you too are one of God's creatures." "But," says Don Ardito in a letter to his instructor, "I said nothing," and a paragraph or so earlier the priest had referred to the boy as "this young man whom I caused to die." This incident requires stress because Coccioli uses it as the crux of Piccardi's young priesthood, and recurs to it in Don Ardito's relations with all his other suppliants. The priest's significant failure in this one instance to have "saved" the soul concerned forms the turning point of the book.

After the suicide Don Ardito leaves a parish which has passed from open hate to fearsome veneration of him as a saint and miracle worker. (The mixture of paganism and orthodox Catholicism which characterizes Italian peasant faith is admirably suggested.)

A brief description of the war years follows, and here, except in a couple of brilliant pages on Naples, we find Coccioli unconvincing, helplessly at sea. His priest is against killing—well and good; but this same priest identifies a hysterically vindictive German captain "with effeminate hands" perpetually toying with a revolver, as an *anima naturaliter Christiana.* In fact, he has Don Ardito say, "I'd go farther and say that without knowing it he's—a Catholic."

Though the author, like many a more


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whole man, can stomach neither political extreme, you sense that he has not settled on a vital and viable third choice. But you sense, too, that he is genuinely seeking. "Heaven and Earth" is a novel of ideas, rare anywhere these days and rarer still from this apparently orthodox quarter—Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh excepted. Catholic fiction in America has recently given us "The Foundling"; closer to the source we now have the confused, histrionic, impassioned, and greatly daring Coccioli, who like his protagonist seems to want love and can only beget hate. Judged by this single book, Coccioli is a muddled, tormented, but undeniably gifted man.

FRANCES KEENE

## Hearties and Aesthetes

*ORIGINALS ABROAD.* The Foreign Careers of Some Eighteenth-Century Britons. By Warren Hunting Smith. Yale University Press. $3.

WALPOLE'S friend and correspondent in Florence, Horace Mann, once remarked to him, "Surely our nation produces more originals than any other." To explain why this is so may be difficult; it is easier to illustrate, for English life of the second half of the eighteenth century has a richly documented strain of eccentricity. Its greatest literary figure, Johnson, is in some ways an original, and certainly Boswell, now emerging from his bales of papers, will take his place as a monumental one. England offered enough elbow room for originals—"Tristram Shandy" is the apogee of that spirit—but life abroad erased the walls of convention.

The first of this group of biographical essays describes William Skrine's visit to Italy. With lots of money and a vulgar origin, he hoped that ostentatious display would make him a "milord," but the other Englishmen caught on. John Chute of the Vyne, who is treated at greater length here, had less money but a better genealogy, a young moneyed cousin as companion, and the friendship of Walpole and Mann. He stayed in Italy nearly five years, devoting himself to the pastimes of the aesthete and dilettante. With his fan and his single eyeglass he amused or shocked the hearty English travelers on the Grand Tour. As Mr. Smith writes of the devotees of taste, "They toiled not neither did they spin (except for a few Victorian ones who took up knitting or embroidery)." The cleavage of sensibility between the hearties and the aesthetes persisted not only through the Victorian era—with Henley and Wilde as extreme poles—but to our own, when Stephen Spender, writing of his visit to Germany in the 1920's, tells of his astonishment that such a cleavage did not exist on the Continent.

Life abroad was suited not only to sensitive men but to hearty women as well. Mrs. Burrington Goldsworthy, who was called by virtue of her husband's position "La Belle Consulesse," enjoyed a romantic friendship with the elderly General Wachtendonck; on the Continent a lady was openly entitled to a lover as well as a husband. As portrayed in Walpole's and Mann's letters she was an amusing flibbertigibbet. Her countrywoman, the Dowager Countess of Carlisle, also found the moral climate of Southern Europe more congenial; after patronizing a succession of young army officers, she finally annexed a phony German baron who was ugly, ridiculous, and faithful. Lady Percy, whose amorous exploits were equally frenetic, pursued her love affairs and marriages on both sides of the Atlantic. The daughter of the grimly respectable Countess of Bute, she was at the same time the granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a fascinating original of an earlier day.

The Giberne brothers exemplify another kind of career abroad. Like "La Belle Consulesse" they hunted for political places and patronage. George Giberne, who started his career as Mann's servant in Florence, ended it as a successful wine merchant in England. His more original brother, Isaac William, became a wealthy Virginia landowner and slave owner, as well as a clergyman who sinned with a sublime gusto.

The two remaining essays in the collection, while they deal mainly with characters, have wider implications. In The Bengal Conspiracy several Britons meet in Florence to plot the seizure of the rich Indian province. Although their failure makes the conspiracy seem like musical comedy—the leader ended as commodore of the Tuscan three-vessel navy—it is a reminder of the savage imperialism that was soon to succeed under Clive's leadership. The essay about the Prujean family is a study in irony; as Catholics they had left England to practice their religion openly, but their last member had to return there for refuge from the French Revolution.

These sketches, set down in a lucid and often witty style, are an entertaining sampling of the vagaries of the British character. They are not about important people, to be sure—and Mr. Smith makes no immodest claims—but they are solidly constructed footnotes to the text of English social history.

ROBERT HALSBAND

# Books in Brief

*UPON THEIR SHOULDERS.* By Shelley Ayame Nishimura Ota. Exposition. $3. The story of an immigrant's troubles and triumphs, and of the integration of his children into Hawaiian American society. Mrs. Ota is no novelist, but she has managed to infuse her tried and true subject with warmth and sincerity, aided by the exotic novelty of the Oriental immigrant's background, which contrasts with and yet parallels the experience of the great body of Americans who have come from Southern and Eastern Europe.

*JOHN SLOAN.* By Lloyd Goodrich. Published for the Whitney Museum of Art by Macmillan. $3. Although published in conjunction with the Sloan retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum last spring, this book is an independent entity. It gives an adequate impression of sixty years of work by John Sloan, whose painting was revolutionary at the beginning of the century, conservative in later decades, but always honest and forceful, like the man himself. The text, which is well illustrated, achieves a good balance of biography and critical appraisal. Of the two, the former is the more interesting, perhaps because Sloan was more admirable as a man than as a creative artist.

*THE ATOM SPIES.* By Oliver Pilat. Putnam. $3.50. A sober tracing of the complicated and crisscrossed threads of Russian espionage that resulted in the theft of the secrets of the atom bomb,



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together with an analysis of the psychology and motives that led Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass, the Rosenbergs, and other leading members of the network to their crimes. One reads this disastrous record with shame at the faltering and dilatory nature of our counter-espionage, somewhat alleviated by respect for the American innocence that refused for so long a time to give credence to the extent and danger of the betrayals.

## Films

*MANNY FARBER*

"CLASH BY NIGHT," a passable movie about sexual unrest on Cannery Row, is like a blues number given class by a Stokowski arrangement and a hundred-piece symphony orchestra. Barbara Stanwyck returns to her clapboard homestead near a sardine cannery after ten years of romantic misery in the city. Working around San Something, California, are Paul Douglas, a dumb fisherman whom Stanwyck decides to marry for security, and Robert Ryan, a movie projectionist who not only speaks in the hard, poetic language of Stanwyck but has the kind of left-handed charm that causes the lady to stay up nights gazing at the most costly sky-and-sea shots ever to grace a Howard Hughes-RKO production. Ryan is fine "for a ride on a roller coaster," but after a cataclysmic affair—their "last shot at happiness"—Stanwyck finds she can't forsake her year-old child and hurries back to the fishing boat where Douglas is busy fixing the baby's formula. This old-fashioned sex drama is supposed to hit you in the belly with its candid shots of men and women screaming, yearning, fighting, and suddenly coming together in rib-cracking embraces. But what was intended as a hot James Cain type of shocker was cooled considerably in the making by a hundred classy devices for making clichés look important and artistic. For instance, that old gimmick in which the man mouths two cigarettes at once is dragged in for kicks and then neatly twisted around. When Ryan hands Lady Stanwyck her cigarette she throws it away as though she thought it unsanitary. Several reels later, after Ryan's excitement has wormed its way into her torn and twisted little bitch's heart, Stanwyck is lighting Chesterfields two at a time just like her boy friend.

Stanwyck has occasionally been thawed out—by Sturges and Wilder—but here she is up to her old trick of impersonating a mentholated icicle. With his mellifluous broadcaster's voice and cafeteria manager's body, Douglas just seems out of place as a Sicilian fisherman and silly in a turtleneck sweater that outlines every pound of his C-shaped stomach. Marilyn Monroe, who is supposed to be burning up the screen with her size-36½ bosom and horizontal walk, has several scenes custom-built to her measurements. Someone holds her upside down on the beach—to shake the water from her ears; she gets out of bed in a tricky hip-length shirt—designed by Adrian for cannery workers; she walks around in dungarees which must have been broken in by a midget cowboy. Nothing happens because Monroe is still a tight amateur presented as a spectacle. Given four-word sentences and simple actions like eating a candy bar, she seems to break them up into dozens of little unrelated pieces paced in a slow, sing-song fashion.

"Clash by Night" doesn't have too much to offer outside of two good actors (Ryan and J. Carrol Naish) and fluid, flexible direction (Fritz Lang), but they make it worth your time. Ryan is supposed to be enacting a "sort of imitation," "the Kingfish of Buckman County" run down and out of luck, a cynical guy who plays every word and gesture halfway into paranoia and with hard-bitten pathos. The role has been played by everyone from Widmark to Mitchum, but Ryan is the first one to give you the sense of an ordinary citizen being destroyed by a neurotic urge to act and admire himself at the same time. With pantomime that gives the sensation of a clock ticking away inside his skull, he is almost always caught in the process of observing himself while seeming to be observing and philosophizing about his friends.

Starting with a talkative script that offers nothing more active than a "tight two" set-up between talkative characters, Director Lang moves the story around a Monterey village with the space-devouring glide of a seagull. One of his neatest tricks is to keep the central fact of a scene at a tantalizing distance, so that he forces you to use your own eyes and imagination on something the average director would wear out in a minute of screen time. He takes you to the beach with Monroe and her boy friend and then watches their antics from a block away as they affect a cynically interested onlooker. He plays through the first Stanwyck-Douglas date


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at a movie house without ever showing the action on the screen that draws at least five revealing comments from the mismatched love birds. The script, like so many adaptations of Broadway plays, consists of endless exits and entrances, but Lang makes you so familiar with the architecture that one of the minor pleasures of the movie is trying to guess which stairway, door, or hallway will pull forth the next action.


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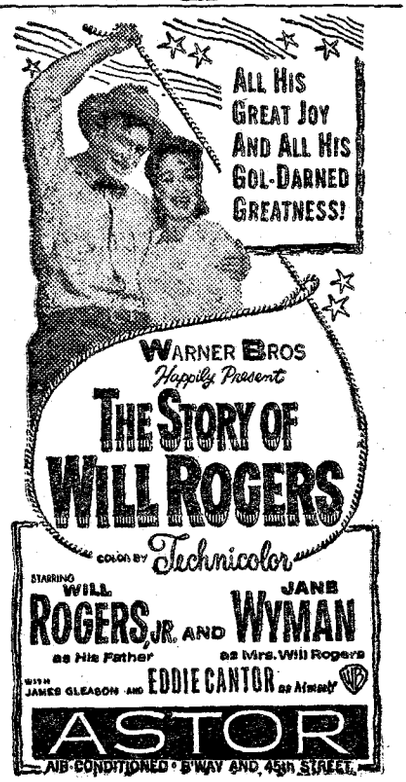
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# Records

*B. H. HAGGIN*

VERDI'S "Macbeth," though an early work, has passages of remarkable expressive force and beauty—such as the music of the banquet scene from the appearance of Banquo's ghost, Lady Macbeth's aria at the beginning of Act 2, and above all her sleepwalking scene—which triumph over the handicaps imposed by the Vienna State Opera performance and Urania's recording. There are cuts which include passages that Francis Toye mentions as outstanding; the work is sung in German; the conductor; Karl Böhm, fails—most obviously in the sleepwalking scene—to impart the necessary dramatic force to Verdi's accompaniment figures, the necessary tensions to his instrumental melodic line; Matthieu Ahlersmeyer is an acceptable Macbeth, but the Lady Macbeth is Elisabeth Höngen, whose shrill and tremulous voice is made ear-piercingly strident by the especially bad recording of the first act, which places the singers too close up front and the orchestra so far back as to make it barely audible at times. There are better balance and more agreeable sound in the subsequent acts; but the excessive hall echo is heard throughout, and there is some hash around the sound at times. The German text has numerous errors.

Schönberg's monodrama, "Erwartung," excellently performed on a Columbia record by Dorothy Dow, soprano, and the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos's direction, is in a style which, to my ears, resembles that of Berg's "Wozzeck" and has a similar nightmarish expressiveness. It is the first advanced work of Schönberg that has had any expressive effect for me—which I cannot say of Krenek's Symphonic Elegy on the reverse side of the record.

Among the songs and duets by Schubert and Schumann on Urania 7047 are familiar ones like Schubert's lovely "Der Jüngling an der Quelle" and Schumann's delightful "Die Kartenlegerin," and a number of unfamiliar ones including Schumann's charming duet "Unter'm Fenster," a few others that are engaging, and a few that are uninteresting. There are beautiful singing by the soprano Tiana Lemnitz, the contralto Margarete Klose, the tenor Peter Anders; effective performances with a voice of less sensuous beauty by the tenor Karl Erb; adequate performances by the bass William Strienz; and good piano performances by Michael Raucheisen and Herman Reuter. The German texts are provided.

The seven Polish folksongs sung acceptably on a Vanguard record by the Mazowsze Choral Ensemble with orchestra conducted by Sygietynski are very engaging, though repetitious in the manner of folksongs; the Suite of Ancient Polish Airs and Dances performed by the Radio Warsaw Orchestra under Kolaczkowski is less interesting.

In addition to C. G. Burke's section on reproducing equipment "The *Saturday Review* Home Book of Recorded Music" has a history of the recording process by Edward T. Canby, which should be more reliable than his lyrical flights on the latest electronic gadget that have had engineers I know open-mouthed with wonder or red-faced with outrage. And there is also a section Learning to Listen and Listening to Learn by Irving Kolodin. In a review of his record guide a few years ago I gave examples of his making interesting points about demonstrably non-existent material, part of his larger practice of churning up words without relation to demonstrably existent fact. In the present book he undertakes to have the reader listen with him to the successive details of recorded music and performance and in this way learn to listen by himself; here, then, we expect the writing necessarily to be in close contact with fact; but the habits of a lifetime are too strong. Listening to the beginning of Krips's performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Mr. Kolodin writes that the rhythm (measure 9) is "punched out incisively," when in fact it is played quietly and unemphatically. And later (measure 39) "a rather curious swell on the horn modulation impels us to look at the score—and it shows an *fp* > on each note, though they are tied together! That is close to unplayable, really, if the slur is respected, but there is foundation, at least, for the odd burble of sound in Krips's perceptive interpretation of Schubert's marking." But in fact



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one hears only the usual swell on the first note; more important, in the two scores I have looked at there is only the one *fp* on the first note, and none on the subsequent tied notes to justify the non-existent "odd burble" in the performance.

Churning up words and ideas without relation to heard fact has this consequence, that some time after Mr. Kolodin has described the opening rhythm as "punched out incisively" in Krips's performance, he comes to Toscanini's performance and to "an insistent but light rhythm on plucked strings that no one of the conductors previously mentioned had bothered about." Or, "strongly impressed by the vigorous treatment of dramatic contrasts in the development" in Krips's performance of the first movement, and remarking later that "Toscanini's contrasts in the development are not so emphatic as Krips's," he goes on talking, with this eventual result: ". . . It is possible to imagine a performance of the first movement that would, better than either, express the pathos and simple eloquence of this music. But it is hard to imagine two performances less distorted by false emphasis or underplaying. If anything, Toscanini overstates the drama of the climax, but the musical text justifies almost everything he does; and Krips does not do quite enough. . . ."

With Mr. Kolodin's lists of suggested LP recordings we come to his musical understanding, taste, and values, which may be inferred from the fact that in his first basic list of fifteen recordings —five each of orchestral, vocal, and instrumental—the first basic five instrumental works include the monstrously falsifying Horowitz arrangement and performance of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," and the first basic five vocal works include Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" but not one opera of Mozart.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## Point Four vs. Technical Assistance

*Dear Sirs:* You have asked for your readers' reaction to an article entitled Norway's Point Four [*The Nation*, May 24] which described Norway's newly inaugurated technical-assistance plan. Although the gesture is heartening and truly indicative of Norway's social conscience, I should like to see that $3,000,000 contributed to the technical-assistance program of the United Nations. If the United Nations' children's emergency fund can go directly to the people for aid, why not technical assistance? How about educating the various people of the world to bring pressure upon their governments to contribute more money to the United Nations agencies?

It is my firm belief that every nationalistic gesture, even though it be well-meant and generous, weakens the possibility of the United Nations' ultimate success. ETHEL CHERNOBLE
Brooklyn

## "My Son John": Black and White

*Dear Sirs:* Last night my teen-age son, a sophomore in college, went to see "My Son John" and thought it was wonderful. I asked him about it in some detail and found that he had gained the impression that (1) Catholicism is synonymous with the good, (2) communism is synonymous with evil, (3) the happy-go-lucky boy who is casual about his studies and concerns himself with athletics is somehow more admirable than the studious type, (4) students who are very serious in their pursuit of knowledge are apt to be crackpots!

GLENNA MIDDLEBROOKS
Shreveport, La.

## Justice in Pennsylvania

*Dear Sirs:* I am writing this letter from a county jail while waiting for sentencing under the Penal Sedition Act. . . . The local court set bail at $50,000. The District Attorney demanded $100,000.

The offices of the Communist Party were padlocked and the furniture carted away as well as all the equipment.

A local Slovak editor who protested had eleven windows smashed in his house while his wife was expecting a child. The hoodlums were instigated by the press and a group known as "Americans Battling Communism." . . . The printing plant where left nationality papers were printed was stoned daily until the persecuted editors left town.

I attempted to get a local or Pennsylvania lawyer to defend me. I saw eighty lawyers and wrote to seven hundred, but was unable to get one. One lawyer who handled some pre-trial questions for me was arrested one evening as he was entering a bus, handcuffed, thrown into jail, and charged with sedition. I had to defend myself, although sick and still on crutches. The jury found me guilty twenty-one hours after the case opened.

A doctor after making out a prescription for one of my co-defendants told him, "Scratch my name off the medicine bottle as soon as it is delivered."

My trial was something like a story by Lewis Carroll, only it wasn't a fairy tale but bitter truth. Perhaps because it happened to a Communist and a veteran of the Spanish Civil War it attracted little notice anywhere.

Judge Musmannos, who is a candidate for the state Supreme Court, not only conducted the raid on C. P. headquarters but was a witness against me and selected the trial judge. Musmannos's nephew was my prosecutor.

I face a sentence of up to twenty years in prison. And why? Because I spoke my mind. STEVE NELSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Comments from Readers on How Free Is Free?

*Dear Sirs:* How Free Is Free?, your special issue on civil liberties which appeared June 28, is the best journalistic weapon forged in the past ten years. I hope it gets into the hands of every American who cares for our Bill of Rights and wants to fight for it with every ounce of energy he possesses.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN, Minister,
Los Angeles First Unitarian Church

*Dear Sirs:* I have subscribed to your weekly for nearly a quarter of a century and I have never been prouder of it than when I read your special issue of June 28. My warmest congratulations!

MANUEL PEDRO GONZALEZ
Lake Arrowhead, Cal.



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*Dear Sirs:* Congratulations on your How Free Is Free? issue. . . . It should cause all freedom-loving citizens to take resolute action in defense of our threatened democratic way of life.

This issue is a telling and magnificent retort—an urgently needed one—to an article in the March issue of *Commentary.*

Brooklyn H. ELLENPORT

*Dear Sirs:* May I take this occasion to express my deepest appreciation for the admirable issue on civil liberties. All of us are indebted to *The Nation* for the courageous and effective work done in this field.

EMILY PARKER SIMON, Chairman,
National Policy Committee,
Women's International League
for Peace and Freedom

Washington

*Dear Sirs:* Sincere congratulations for the magnificent job you've done in your issue How Free Is Free? The courage displayed in the writing and publishing of each article is commendable beyond words in the light of the repressive conformity which now pervades most current thinking.

I look forward to seeing some more of this top-level writing in *The Nation.* I hope, indeed, the civil-liberties issue is a promise of what we can expect in the future. If so, I can assure you that all liberal and progressive forces in the country will stand firmly behind *The Nation.* ANITA EINSOHN

New York

[*Rates for bulk orders of* The Nation's *special issue on civil liberties appear on the back cover.*]

## McCarthyism in Oklahoma

*Dear Sirs:* Here is a footnote to your civil-liberties issue of June 28. McCarthyism has taken over the Republican Party in Oklahoma and we are now threatened with a brand-new series of witch hunts, library censorships, and book burnings, together with intensified religious fanaticism.

A news item in the Oklahoma City *Times* of June 13 reveals that "in compliance with the wishes of Republican brass, expressed in a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the G. O. P. policy-makers," the Republican state chairman announced the appointment of a seven-man committee "to investigate subversive activities in the state of Oklahoma." Presumably this is only a prelude to what will happen if by some unfortunate circumstance the Republicans carry the state in November. The chairman of the committee is Glenn O. Young of Sapulpa, one of the stalwarts of the Oklahoma Citizens' Committee on Un-American Activities, which engineered the Sapulpa high-school book burning last February.

This action by the Republican Party leadership must inevitably alienate the Farmers' Union, with its 65,000 members in Oklahoma, the labor unions, whose leaders have taken a strong stand on the civil-liberties issue, and a substantial part of the independent liberal element among business and professional men. JOHN H. LATTA

Oklahoma City, Okla.


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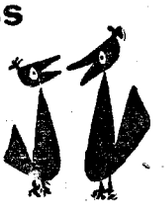

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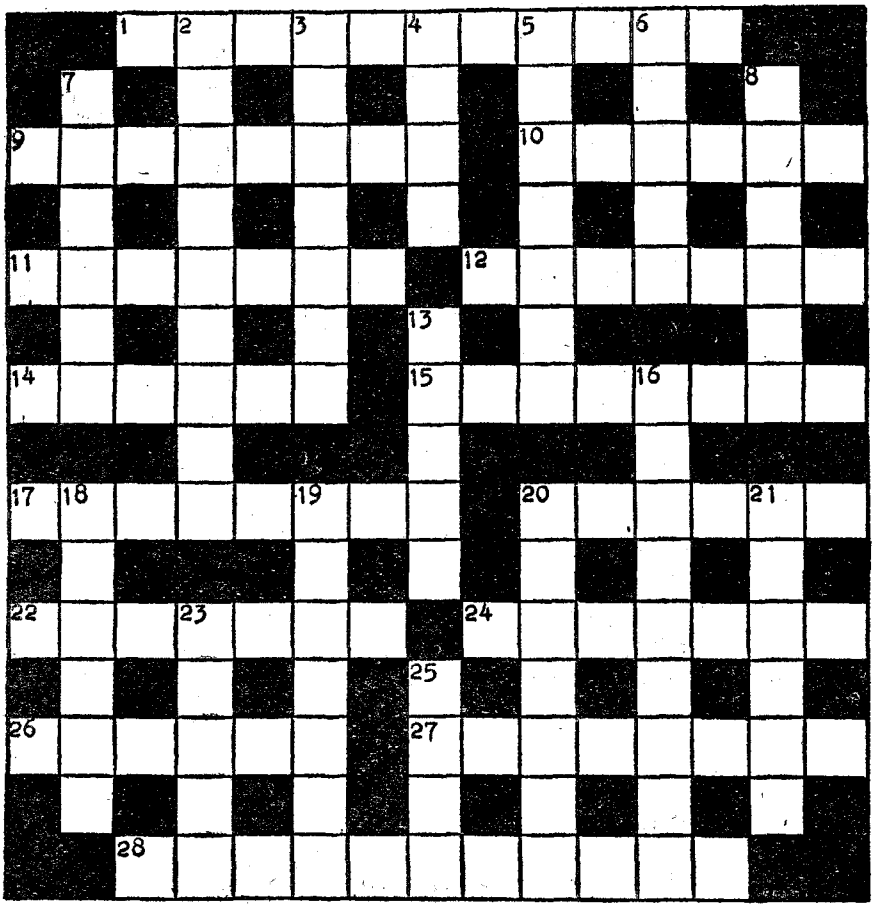
# Crossword Puzzle No. 475

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

1 and 16 down. The sort of life led by the bored or bloated? (4-2-5, 9)
9 Would the result of a screen test be a flat tire? (8)
10 The way to get rid of unwelcome passengers is to procrastinate. (3, 3)
11 So it ain't neat! (7)
12 You'ld have quoted directions to get it, between "physician" and "self." (7)
14 One run it takes nerve to make. (6)
15 Pie and cake might be emphasized in turn. (8)
17 See 20.
20 and 17. Music and conversation at the spa? (6, 2, 6)
22 Hold a little more than law enforcement groups with it. (7)
24 Sort of shrinks up and squirms with pain. (7)
26 Might be fit to be found in a shell. (Aye, there's the rub!) (6)
27 The rains came out of them, and the waves may be high there. (4, 4)
28 Much desired by Lady Macbeth, but familiar to the tidy housewife. (4, 7)

## DOWN

2 and 8. When the eager politician will run, perhaps! (2, 3, 4, 2, 1, 3)
3 Buster Keaton's acting perhaps, but not with a live spider! (7)
4 and 25. What it is for protection, or where it's worn. (8)
5 A synonym might sound like what goes upon the Swanee River. (7)
6 Utter. (5)
7 It will take most of your finance to be one! (6)
8 See 2 down.
13 The road-agent takes it to heart. (5)
16 See 1 across.
18 Hitler was afraid of more than one of them. (6)
19 Was the mission of the man who called in play to do it? (7)
20 Giver to the cause of a downfall, perhaps. (7)
21 Happenings in the life of Steven. (6)
23 You might sink to do it in front of the house, perhaps. (5)
25 See 4 down.

★

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 474

ACROSS:—1 A HAIR OF THE DOG; 10 BUS STOP; 11 PACIFIC; 12 DESPERADO; 13 MEETS; 14 ENTAIL; 16 ACOUSTIC; 19 TRANSFER; 20 CITRON; 22 STEEP; 23 PRIVATEER; 25 THIN AIR; 26 WHIMPER; 27 INTELLIGENTLY.

DOWN:—2 HOSTS; 3 IN THE FIRST PLACE; 4 ORPHAN; 5 TOP-NOTCH; 6 EXCOMMUNICATION; 7 OFF-CENTER; 8 OBEDIENT; 9 ACES; 15 TRAGEDIAN; 17 CONFRERE; 18 TEMPORAL; 21 WIGWAG; 22 SATE; 24 EXPEL.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.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*"Let me congratulate you on the June 28 issue describing the problems of freedom in America. I think so highly of this particular issue that I am using it as required reading in a course at New York University this summer."*

FREDERICK L. REDEFER, Professor of Education, New York University

The above message is but one of many that have reached *The Nation* since the publication of its recent 64-page

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